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THE TOWER PRESS BOOKLETS
NUMBER FOUR * * * * *
POEMS BY ELLA YOUNG

POEMS BY ELIA YOUNG.

THE TOWER PRESS BOOKLETS
NUMBER FOUR  
POEMS BY ELLA YOUNG.

—

DUBLIN : MAUNSEL & CO., LTD.,
60 DAWSON STREET. MCMVI.

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SUBSCRIPTION OF 1916

PRINTED AT THE TOWER PRESS, THIRTY-EIGHT CORNMARKET DUBLIN

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POEMS.

Some of these poems have already been printed in the *All Ireland Review*, *Celtia*, *The United Irishman*, *The Celtic Christmas*, and *New Songs* (O'Donoghue), 1904.

MY LADY OF DREAMS.

ONE night the beauty of the stars
 Made magic for me white and still,
 I climbed the road above the hill
The road no waking footstep mars.

I met my Lady in the wood
 The black pine wood above the hill,
 Dream-fair her beauty, white and still ;
I knelt as one before the Rood.

White Dream that makes my life a war
 Of wild desires and baffled will
 Once more my soul with beauty fill
Rise through the darkness, O my Star.

THE HOUSE OF LOVE.

I BUILT for you a house of joy,
A dun close-walled and warm within ;
Strong-fossed without, lest foe destroy
Or creeping sorrow entrance win.

The wind that wails about the world
Came with you through the open door—
My joy-dun into ruin hurled
Lay desolate for evermore.

I built for you a house of dream
Fair as the pearly light of morn ;
Its pillars caught an opal gleam
From skies where night was never born.

The wind that blows the stars to flame
Blew through my house and left it bare :
The beauty vanished when it came,
The columns melted into air.

The next house that I build for you
I'll build with stars and moon-fire white :
Vaster than those the wind swept through,
Its halls, star-paved, shall front the night.

Mayhap you'll come and wander there
When all the winds are laid to rest,

And find its sun-bright beauty fair
Beyond the glow in East or West.

Mayhap its radiant fire must fade
Before the wind that wakes the dawn,
The light from Heaven's heart out-rayed
When suns and moons are all withdrawn.

The wind that beats the stars to dust
May sweep my star-built courts away ;
Let my dun fall—if fall it must—
Its glory lasted for a day.

I care not how I lose anew,
Or round the wreck what winds may wail—
Since God's own dun was built for you,
You are not houseless, though I fail.

HEART'S DESIRE.

You called me when the lights were lit
And my hearth-flame glowed redly bright,
A dancing, glancing joy in it :
You called me from the heart of night.

I heard your voice and knew my doom
To follow you whate'er betide ;
I followed you into the gloom—
Far off my hearth-flame sank and died.

You bent immortal eyes to mine,
O Heart's Desire, that dared not stay
Lest you should lose a love divine
For mortal hands that cling and pray.

O never more for me the light
Will shine in any earthly home
I am the lonely wind of night
I am the wild sea's bitter foam.

I am the homeless bird that cries
Against the grey sky ere the dawn
When the pale clinging sleep-mist lies
Like a pale shroud on moor and lawn.

I am the longing of the world
For a lost beauty that it knew
When the white stars with flame-wings furled
Sang it to being from the blue.

THE NUTS OF KNOWLEDGE.

You were a wind from the land of faery
When I was a reed in a pool,
And all day long I dreamed as I swayed
Of your coming soft and cool.

You were the star that heralds the dawn
When I was a wave of the sea,
And I loosed when I saw you my tresses so
white
And danced with a lightsome glee.

You were the golden apple that grew
In the apple-garth of Bride,
When I was a child with a sorrowful heart
And sought you with childish greed.

You are the rainbow glory that lies
In the treasure house of Fate,
When I come at last to the garth of the gods
And my soul holds open the gate.

A DREAM-GARDEN.

WILL you come one day to see me
In my House of Dream?
I'll light the way before you
With a rainbow gleam.

You'll see the cloud-walled garden
Where my lilies grow,
And count the sunflowers swaying
In a golden row.

The south wind blows the rose leaves
Before the sun,
In a cloud of crimson sweetness
When day is done.

And the stars come out a-flutter
Like moths white-winged
Among my apple branches
All flame be-ringed.

Flame-fair the apples shimmer
And change and glow,
And nowhere but in cloud-land
Such apples grow.

O come and see my garden
And my House of Dream,
I'll light the way before you
With a rainbow-gleam.

ROSE LEAVES.

THROUGH your garden olden
Go the winds of night,
Rose leaves unwitholden
Fall there red and white.

White rose leaves bestrewing
Paths where dreams may go,
Red rose leaves renewing
Loves of long ago.

Dreams are lightly thronging
O'er the rose-strewn way—
Dreams all pale with longing,
Dreams as glad as day.

And my dream-soul passes
With the shapes of dream,
Softly through the grasses
Where the dew-drops gleam.

Softly through the closes
Of your garden old
Where a thousand roses
Day by day unfold.

Softly through the sweetness
Of your curtained room,
With a dream's completeness,
Star-pale in the gloom.

Like a dream delaying
Till the sky is red
With the petals swaying
Of the dawn-rose shed.

When your dreams are going
Wrapped in mantles fair,
And the dawn-wind blowing
Softly stirs your hair.

On my dream-soul calling
Lightly, too, I pass
Where the rose-leaves falling
Redden all the grass.

NIAMH.

WHEN the dawn-radiance flushes pearly skies
With faintest rose, and the dawn-beauty fills
The earth with life, you come across the hills
Of gold and ivory where the dawn-wind dies.
O pale you are, and sweet, and in your eyes
The shadow of a dream that daylight kills,
Woven while you lingered by the crystal rills
Between the apple-trees of Paradise.

You gather as you pass with quiet hands
The dawn-white blossoms, ere their beauty
cease :

The frail, pale blossoms that we see unclose
One moment, when our hearts have drawn
the peace

Of twilight round them and the enchanted
lands

Glimmer before us, amethyst and rose.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER.

Now Day's worn out and Dusk has claimed
a share

Of earth and sky and all the things that be,
I lay my tired head against your knee,
And feel your fingers smooth my tangled hair.
I loved you once, when I had heart to dare,
And sought you over many a land and sea ;
Yet all the while you waited here for me
In a sweet stillness shut away from care,
I have no longing now, no dreams of bliss.
But drowsed in peace through the soft gloom

I wait

Until the stars be kindled by God's breath ;
For then you'll bend above me with the kiss
Earth's children long for when the hour grows
late,
Mother of Consolation, Sovereign Death.

THE STAR OF KNOWLEDGE.

THOU hast the golden glory of the day
For trailing garment worn by women folk,
And night about thee like a purple cloak,
But evermore thy head is turned away.
Austere thou goest where the starry spray
Beats on the verge of time with rhythmic
stroke :

Far off I follow, for my soul awoke
And knew thee passing without smile or stay.
Once face to face with thee Odysseus came
In the lone island when the gods had hurled
His ship to ruin on an alien sea,
And I may reach thee, Ashless Heart of Flame,
When I have wrecked for thee the narrow
world
Fate built about me, and my soul is free.

fáinne seál an lae.

OVER the world-edge comes stealing the
whiteness of dawn ;

Beautiful, tremulous, pale—led by a star.

**Dreamily murmurs the sea touched by the
light from afar,**

**But stillness broods with the dark over meadow
and lawn.**

**Softly asway where the twilight the deepest
lies,**

**Three ships together delaying as dreams
might delay**

**Tenderly folded in shadow, are waiting for
day,**

**Swift to spread joyous wings when the sun
shall arise.**

**So, on a sea whereon never mariner sailed,
Crystalline, fire-fed, stirred by the Spirit
of God,**

**Eire's ships wait for dawn—and the Dawn
Star hath trod**

**Radiant through heaven already, a glory
unveiled.**

A LAMENT.

THERE'S no light in the house to-night,
ochone! and no fire there.

White ashes where the red were, and a heart
undone.

My love was in it once with candles lighted ;
Ochone ! ochone ! its dark and lone to-night.

'Twas from that house my boy went out to
the battle,

'Twas there they laid him when the fight was
over and lost :

There were few to raise the caoine for the
man that led them.

Ochone for my child ! ochone for the Chief !
Ochone !

Last night I crossed the bog of gleaming
waters

And the Red Wind followed me and shrieked
aloud ;

But I prayed till God rebuked it into silence :
Ochone ! I have the silence and my dead.

THE RED SUNRISE.

O it's dark the land is, and it's dark my heart
is, but the Red Sun rises when the hour
is come.

O the Red Sun rises and the dead rise : I can
see them, and it's glad they are and proud.

White Oscur's with them, and my own boy,
and Conn who won the battles and the
lads who lost.

They have bright swords with them that clash
the battle-welcome : a welcome to the Red
Sun that rises with our luck.

TWILIGHT.

THE sky is silver pale with just one star,
One lonely wanderer from the shining host
Of Night's companions. Through the drowsy
woods

The shadows creep and touch with quietness
The curling fern-heads and the ancient trees.
The sea is all a-glimmer with faint lights
That change and move as if the unseen prow
Of Niamh's galley cleft its waveless floor,
And Niamh stood there with the magic token
The apple branch with silver singing leaves.
The wind has stolen away as though it feared
To stir the fringes of her faery mantle
Dream-woven in the Land of Heart's Desire,
And all the world is hushed as though she
called

Ossian again, and no one answered her.

THE DEAD EROS.

It must be many ages since you died,
Yet the earth-mountains and unquiet streams
And all the swaying reeds remember you ;
And we remember, and tell o'er and o'er
The story of your coming, and the grief
That fell on all things living when you died.
We call you Balder, White and Beautiful,
And Young Adonis whom the wild boar slew,
Diarmuid the Brown-Haired ; Angus fast asleep
In the Blue Wood of Shadows where no wind
Comes ever roughly and no voice from earth
Can break the quiet ; and we mourn for you
Who cannot hear us, while Apollo sings
And Lugh the Mighty Slinger sends the sun
Whirling through heaven. Even the happy gods
Shed tears for Balder, but we mourn for you
As only men can mourn through nights and days
Made sick with failure, sorrowful and lone.
Dead Eros, you are buried in our hearts
With our dead hopes that drew around them

once

So much of joy and beauty, and took all
Into the Dark where all things fair must go.
You are the love we cannot keep : the dream
We die for, and the peace always unknown,
Dead Eros folded in the arms of Night.

THE WOOD-QUEEN.

THE music of the May-time fills the hollows
And dim recesses of the forest world ;
The magic music that all Nature follows
With laughter and with banners green unfurled.
Softly it steals through spaces dreamy-hearted
Where scarce the glancing squirrels dare
to play
And falls at last ahush, where oak-boughs
parted
Reveal the Queen who holds the woods in
sway.

Moon-pale she is, like light in darkness hiding,
And shine and shade have woven her mantle
fair ;

Peace in each fold of its nine folds abiding
And in the shadowy beauty of her hair ;
And in her eyes, beyond a mortal's knowing,
Deep peace like that of lonely mountain-lakes
When in the heavens one pale star is showing
And in the east the dawn-light slowly breaks ;
So still she is, 'twould seem as though she
listened

To voices in a world far, far away :
A world song-built ere the first 'rainbow
glistened

Or earth awoke to music of the May.

CLEENA.

PALE, in the twilight, the crested waves are
falling

On a lone shore where never a sea-bird
strays ;

Softly the twilight wind is calling, calling,
Calling for Cleena of the olden days.

Once a thousand lovers sang her praises,
Wove her name in chant and storied rann ;
Cleena, for whose sake the sea-god raises,
Wave on wave, his crested foam-white clan.

Gods and heroes once the battle-gear uplifted
All for Cleena of the curling, golden head ;
O'er her beauty now the dust has drifted,
The songs are silent, and her lovers dead.

Only where waves in shadowy foam are falling,
Falling, falling ever, with a sound of tears,
Earth and sea a vanished joy recalling
Mourn for Cleena and the long-forgotten
years.

Mournful wind, your grief cannot avail her.
Sea-foam drifting, drifting through the
night—

She has peace and silence, why bewail her ?
Cleena ! Cleena ! dead, forgotten quite !

AN OLD VIKING.

*The old, free wind is blowing now,
O rise up and be going now
Across the sea.*

I sit in the high-seat all day,
I hear the words the old men say
And children laughing at their play
Through sun and shower.

I know the wind that cannot tire
Blows free outside, my heart's desire,
The wind that blew my blood to fire
When I was young,

O would I had my youth once more,
My good ship and my friends of yore ;
The sea behind me and before,
A wind-ridged way.

Would I could hear the war-horn's din
And see the long-ships crowding in,
And leap as warriors leap to win
The weapon-lane.

'Twas good to share the surge of fight,
'Twas good to see the warriors smite,
And good to feel my good sword bite
Through steel to bone.

'Twas good to see strange lands and men,
To brave the sea-worm in his den,
And good to steer for home again
With laden prow ;

With slaves and gold from south-lands
brought
And gala sails so gaily wrought
Where crimson dragons twined and fought
Through fold on fold,

And war-shields in a double row—
But it was all so long ago ;
So long, that I now scarcely know
If it be true

That e'er I put a foe to rout,
Or raised the Baresark battle-shout,
Or saw the dawn come flashing out
Across the sea,

I loved a woman o'er the sea,
Fair as a Valkyr-maid was she,
And, like a Valkyr, cold to me,
Cold as the dawn.

Who knows but she may call my name,
With eyes grown softer yet the same,
Wrapped in white beauty like a flame,
For that last fight

When Lok to Twyr the gage shall throw,
And loud and long the war-horns blow,
And Odin's ships to battle go
With suns for shields.

*The old, free wind is blowing now,
I'll rise up and be going now
Across the sea.*

FINOVAR.

O FLAME blown out of Tir-nan-Oge,
White flame borne on enchanted air,
O heart's delight and heart's despair,
O Finovar ! O Finovar !

Draw the white shroud above her face
And cover up her close-shut eyes,
She will not hear a voice that cries
O Finovar ! O Finovar !

O love, that none of us might win
By strange, lone ways to us you came
And lone you go, White Heart of Flame.
O Finovar ! O Finovar !

Pale face that haunted all our dreams,
Sad face made sadder by our love,
We could but draw the shroud above.
O Finovar ! O Finovar !

Frail hands no mortal lover kissed,
Fair folded now as Death beseems
You hide away the dream of dreams.
O Finovar ! O Finovar !

THE WIND FROM THE WEST.

Blow high, blow low,
O wind from the West :
You come from the country
I love the best.

O say have the lilies
Yet lifted their heads
Above the lake-water
That ripples and spreads ?

Do the little sedges
Still shake with delight,
And whisper together
All through the night ?

Have the mountains the purple
I used to love,
And peace about them,
Around and above ?

O wind from the West,
Blow high, blow low,
You come from the country
I loved long ago.

A VOYAGE.

I WENT sailing
Over the sea,
White gulls and grey gulls
Following me.

Towers of crystal
Under the wave,
Pale sea-palaces
Built for Maeve.

Pale sea-flowers
Under my keel,
The wind about me
Immortals feel.

Golden fishes,
Silver and blue
Swam before me
Two and two

Till the wave of Cleena
Curling white
Whelmed my boat
In rainbow light.

QUIETUDE.

GREEN banks above me and below
A little stream that sings all day,
A willow bough with buds a-row,
And a tall pine tree, where I know
A sharp-eyed squirrel hides away.

A little world of quietude
Shut close from careless passers by
Where I may sit alone and brood
On the dim wisdom of the wood
The mystery of the sea and sky.

Who knows but I may grow so wise
If I sit there day after day
That God will open to my eyes
The hidden world of life that lies
So near, so very far away.

The world no heart may find untaught
No mortal eyes unpurged may view
It is with beauty so enwrought :
The world the old magicians sought
And long ago the wise men knew.

GREEN BRANCHES.

GREEN branches swaying, swaying
All the day long;
You hear what the wind is saying
And the throstles' song.

You see the swallows flying
So high, so high,
And the strange islands lying
In the evening sky.

You watch the star-flocks swaying
All through the night ;
Green branches swaying, swaying
'Mid the moth-wings white.

THE CHANGELING.

O 'TIS I will go to the heart of the wood,
All sweet with the morning dew ;
I will love my life, and find it good,
With never a thought of you.

'Tis you will come when the shadows fall,
Ere the first star lights the sky,
And for love of me you will lean and call,
But I will not reply.

I will pass you by in a whispering wind,
As close as close may be,
But I will not tell you where to find
My dwelling-place or me.

BED-TIME.

AT night when I am tired of play
The sun shuts up its house of gold,
And all the stars that sleep by day
Steal out like sheep that leave their fold.
O little moon, so far away
In the dark sky, are you a-cold ?

I shut my eyes and see a flame
That's redder than the reddest rose ;
It comes and calls me by my name,
And I go with it when it goes ;
One night it told me whence it came,
But that's a secret no one knows.

I show it all the things I take
To bed with me to sleep aright ;
I tell it all the plans I make,
O little moon, so round and bright.
But I've forgotten when I wake
The things it showed me through the night.

A ROADWAY.

THERE is a little road that winds and winds,
But never seems to come to any end,
And by it crimson lilies sway and bend
And shake down petals no one ever finds.

I think the road is hidden through the day,
But I walk on it when the twilight makes
A dusky splendour over unknown lakes
That glimmer faintly very far away.

And all the trees are hushed and full of sleep
And all the birds are gone out of the sky
And the white moths have not begun to fly
And silence is about me soft and deep.

And where the roadway goes to, mile on mile ;
And why the crimson lilies are so tall
I might find out, and why their petals fall
If only I could stay a little while.

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